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BEYOND THE VEIL.

Beyond the veil of flesh what lies
Of bliss supreme for you and me,
Awakening of glad surprise
To rapturous felicity?
Have we not seen a heavenly glow
Light up the pallid dying face?
Reflection radiant, we know
From some serener, brighter place;
And fancy it cannot be far
From where our loved and lost ones are.

And well we know, though prisoned here,
We never shall forgotten be,
That our beloved would linger near
In tenderness and sympathy;
Though glad, would grieve to see our grief,
Would comfort, counsel, as of yore,
Would quickly come to our relief
If 'twere permitted, as before.
Ah! may they not, could we but see,
Be close beside both you and me?

In that unknown our anchor lies,
Our hope, our expectation there;
Our longing souls it satisfies
To dream of what we soon shall share;
To feel that just beyond the veil
That hides them all from you and me
Await us friends that will not fail—
Reunions of eternity;
That what we but prophetic feel
The veil's removal will reveal.
—Anne H. Woodruff, in Chicago Advance.

THE PASSING OF THE CIGARETTE.

BY BREVET-MAJOR GOTHAM.

IT IS a bachelor's room. It does not require a feminine eye to prove this fact, accented, as it is, by the very evident disarray of bachelor's belongings that lay strewn about.

A shoe last looks pensively out from beneath a pair of trousers dangling from the back of a lounging chair that breathes comfort from every indentation; a set of very much used foils, whose nicked appearance prove many passages, companion a fowling piece of the latest pattern, and together with numberless canes occupy the corner next the door; pictures that smack of stage, track and pigeon traps cover the deep red lincrusta of the walls. The center of the many-toned eastern rug is occupied by an antique writing table, which, proud of its position, angrily reflects on its polished legs the snapping flames of the logs that burn their way so cheerily on the gray flat stones of the large, open fireplace. It is the room's chiefest charm, and being so, is guarded by the griffin headed andirons, that stand like brazen sentinels to the right and left, as if it was their mission to guard the blaze.

The door opens to admit the master, who closes it hastily, as if to shut out some following untangible thing.

He wrenches impatiently at his coat, and tosses it aside to join its companion garment on the chair.

The man is good to look at; the score and a-half years he owns have had ample time to grave their lines of character upon the handsome face. White, drawn, and of reckless cast, it is turned toward a far corner of the room where the shadows lay darkest.

A sound, almost a sigh, comes from between the thin lips and then he turns and writes; hours pass, yet he writes on until the rattle of the pen upon the table marks that the task is finished.

The addressed envelope blinks at him from the base of the clock where he carefully places it. "No one can fail to see it there," he says, softly.

Returning to the chair, he opens a filigree case and takes from its silvern surroundings of metal lace work a cigarette, the last it contains.

"The only one," he mutters, "and the last," then lights it.

The scented clouds roll lightly and lazily above the silent smoker for a brief space, then, half-consumed, he tosses the cigarette into a queer receiver, shaped like a Sabot. It splutters at the touch of the cold metal and goes out.

Crossing quickly to where an old cabinet leans its weight against the wall, he takes from one of the many drawers something that glitters in the firelight. As if with a purpose, he walks rapidly to a doorway, parts the curtained portals, pauses a moment and then is hidden by the black shadows beyond.

Hark! What's that dread noise? A muffled report has sounded from the room behind the curtains; their silken folds sway by a draught and open a trifle to admit rings of steel-hued smoke, and a pungent odor fills the outside room.

"Holy smoke! what's that?" cries the Cigarette, raising its gray head from the little heap of warm ashes that has formed its bed.

"Eh! what's the matter?" queries the Pipe, in answer, lazily rolling over on its polished side.

"Why, you old light-weight," answers the excited Cigarette, "don't you know a pistol shot when you hear it?"

"My esteemed friend of the tissue-paper coat," retorts the Pipe, stirred to action by the other's marked unappreciation of the dignity that his sort commands, "you are nervous. Pistol shot in this room? You are crazy! But it's all from keeping late hours, I suppose; you were born to be light-headed." and with a satisfied glance at his glittering silver bands, the Pipe turns over and prepares to resume his rudely-interrupted nap.

"I suppose you think you are funny, Mr. Pipe!" sniffs the Cigarette, angrily. "Perhaps you think that because you have been dug out of the ground and have enjoyed the benefits of a sea voyage, that you can lord it over me? Why, you old ash-sifter, I can give you cards and spades and beat you in a walk, even if I am machine-made."

"Speak for yourself, Kid," growls out the Whist Pack, from his place on the card rack, where he had been a silent listener to the altercation. "Don't get gay with me—I only deal with kings and queens, and know my business."

"You know your business, do you?" gets in the Cigarette, now erect in the Receiver. "And everybody else's, too; don't you talk to me; you are nothing but an old rounder. I know a deal about you."

"Ha! ha!" roars the Pipe. "That's where he raps you, old fifty-two!"

The Whist Pack shuffles about uneasily, until a brilliant thought strikes him. "I may be half as black as I am painted," he remarks, calmly, "but I haven't got a fly in my mouth-piece."

The Pipe flushes under his tan. This is a home thrust, and for a moment he is speechless.

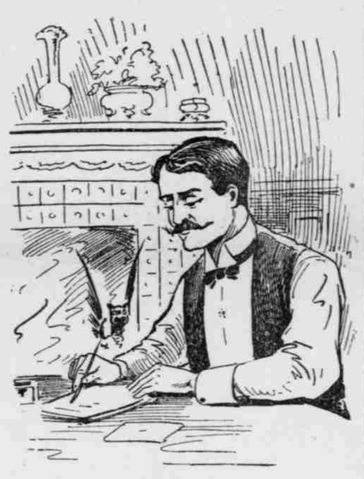
"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this will never do!" It is the silvery voice of the Case. "You should not quarrel in the presence of a lady, especially if she is as delicate as I am. It is very horrid of you!" and overwrought by her excitement, she bursts into tears.

"Come now, Miss Case, don't cry, there's a good girl; think of all we have been through together," soothingly whispers the Cigarette, "that's right." Then turning to the others: "Gentlemen, why should we quarrel? We are all here in a common cause and we all serve the Master." Everyone was silent at the mention of that name. "And another thing, gentlemen," the Cigarette resumed, with a pathetic break in his small voice. "I feel that my days are numbered, smoked out, you know, and before I depart for the place where all defunct stubs go, I would like to tell you a story. It is not very much, and as it, in a measure, concerns one who we all love"—and he paused to glance at the curtained door—"I would really enjoy relating it to you." "Certainly, certainly, I'm always ready for any new thing that comes to hand; so fire away, Cigarette; the night is young and the company pleasing"—and so saying the Whist Pack moved up another space in the rack to listen.

As the Cigarette was about to begin, he was interrupted by a new voice: "May I come in?" it said. "My name is Poker Chip." "Oh, I know you," said the Whist Pack, "you're true blue." "Gentlemen, and old friend of mine. Come over here by me, Chip. Now, Cigarette, 'old man.'"

Setting his head upon the rim of the receiver in a more comfortable position the Cigarette began:

"The first thing that I can remember is the fact that I was one of a number of very young leaves that were supported by the parent stem of a flourishing tobacco plant that flourished on the soil of a plantation way down in Cuba. I was very proud in those days, mainly, because my place was well up



HE WRITES ON.

on our stem and I could see a great deal more of the world than my brothers who occupied places lower down.

"In this balmy climate I thrived and grew, notwithstanding the fact we were often neglected, by reason of the rebellion that was and is now raging in those parts. You see, my owner was a rebel and as he held a high commission, was often away for weeks at a time.

"One day, how well I remember it, we were wakened by the rush of many feet about us; dreadful noises filled the air, and we were so surrounded by thick smoke we could hardly see. From what I had gleaned by the slaves that tended us, I knew in a moment that a battle was raging.

"The din became louder; hoarse shouts of command and cries of agony filled the air; now and then a thud upon the ground would tell me that some brave man had fallen. Many times we came very near being trampled on and crushed, but by some miraculous chance we escaped serious injury. I was just bending down to congratulate the stem for our escape, when with a rush a battery of Maxims—I think that is the name—came lumbering in our direction. I was conscious of being crushed down by the weight of a wheel, after that I knew nothing for many days."

The Cigarette paused to note the effect upon his listeners, but no one noticed that the Letter was following every word of the narrative.

"I suppose I was unconscious for a long time, for the next thing I can recollect was the fact that I was a very fine leaf of tobacco, and although marked, with many others, "high grade," I was thoroughly cured of my conceited manners and green ways.

"Not many days after this I was taken to a factory, where a very pretty dark-eyed girl wrapped me about a number of tender tobacco shoots, and then packed me, with others of like ilk, in a gaudy, but very handsome box. There were only 25 of us all told, and we were known as the Reina family. So, you see, gentlemen, that I have every right to be proud of my strain.

"My time grows very short, or I would go more into detail—but suffice it to say, I, like my esteemed friend, the Pipe, underwent the horrors of a sea voyage, and after knocking about a bit, was exposed for sale at a high figure, in the store of a fancy cigar dealer, whose shop was situated in the city of Washington; the place of presidents, senators and other tomfooleries."

"Quite right," broke in the Whist Pack; "you can always pick up a choice set of knaves there. This I know."

"Well, I was ultimately sold to a senator, who bought our whole box and took us home to his rooms. In the short time I was destined to stay there I saw so much deviltry and intrigue that I was glad to be smoked. I ultimately met this fate in the mouth of a secretary, who almost consumed me at the poker table, where he lost a great deal of money. I was glad of this, for I hate gambling—oh, I beg pardon, Mr. Chip—I quite forgot."

"Not at all, Cigarette," said the Poker Chip, cheerfully; "I am used to abuse."

The Letter smiled sadly at the interruption, but no one noticed, and the Cigarette took a fresh start.

"The next morning, although a wreck, I was carefully picked out of the cuspidor, and, although half consumed, suffered the degradation of being almost finished off by the senator's colored servant. I found my way to the street at last, only to be picked up by an Italian and hurried away to be sold. I was one of a choice collection of stubs of various degrees of consumption, and a sorry spectacle compared to what I had been in my palmier days."

"Cut along, old chap; it's getting late," said the Pipe, and nodded his encouragement.

"Why bring up to you, friends, these sad days. I never can think of them without a shudder. I will let you imagine all my sufferings and skip along. One fine day I blossomed forth into a cigarette, and, packed in a dainty satin-lined case, was purchased by the loveliest girl I ever saw—wasn't she beautiful, Miss Case?" referred the Cigarette to that person, who was now sniffing audibly.

"Perfectly sweet," sobbed the Case. "and she wore such loves of hats."

Thus corroborated, the Cigarette took up his tale.

"Of course you knew her longer than I did, but I found out that, although her face was beautiful, her heart was full of black deceit. No one knew this but me and the master, and he—but I anticipate."

At this point the Letter made a movement as if to speak, but evidently thought better of it and remained silent.

"She gave the entire box of us to him on his birthday, and all my brothers who have gone before considered it a pleasure to be smoked by him, especially if it was in her presence.

"The rest is soon told, gentlemen: my yarn is about finished. To-night the woman gave the master back his love, and, although I was inside the Case, I heard it all and found out how weak and wicked a woman can be.

"She told him that she was about to marry that gray-haired old reprobate of a senator that owned me as a cigar. This broke the master's heart—I'm sure from what I know that she will be amply punished. My life is over, gentlemen—I am very glad to go; may your lot be happier than mine has proved to be," and the Cigarette was silent.

"Queer tale, that," said the Whist Pack, at last breaking the silence.

A new voice was heard from the mantel piece that said, sadly: "I can testify that the Cigarette has told nothing but the truth." It was the Letter.—Military Gazette, Chicago.

WHAT FLATTERY WILL DO.

Experiences of a Young Lady Who Tried to Avoid It.

It was the afternoon of the club meeting, and the girl who prides herself on the earnestness of her aims and objects in life came into the room with the light of a noble resolve glorifying her countenance.

"I've been reading the loveliest book in the world, girls!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "and henceforth I shall never flatter or deceive anybody. The author says that flattery is the worst of sins, and that—"

"Tell us your experience next week," interrupted the sarcastic maiden, grimly. "They'll be a lot more interesting than an account of the book's preachings, and besides—" But the earnest girl had flown off in indignation. And she was decidedly meek and crestfallen when next the club members met.

"You needn't laugh," she remarked to the sarcastic maiden, who was grinning expectantly, "for I believe what the book said was true, only we're not sufficiently developed to live by such an elevated standard. You know I said I should never flatter anybody again all my life. Well, that was last week. Now I'm going to flatter everybody. I've had enough of plain speaking to last me a lifetime. Last Monday I told mamma she was getting crow's feet, when I knew she wanted me to say she wasn't. Next day Mamie asked me how old I thought she looked, and I told her honestly. Mamma hasn't got over being vexed with me yet, and, as for Mamie, I don't suppose she'll ever speak to me again.

"Wednesday our pastor called and wanted my honest opinion of his last sermon. I told him, and he was awfully hurt. Friday I told my dressmaker that I considered her awfully careless with nice material, and she left the house in anger, with my new dress half done, and not a soul among us who knows how to finish it. Other dressmakers won't, you know, so what shall I do?

"That's the way things have gone all week. Now I'm going to say lovely things on principle again, whether they're true or not. You girls do all look perfectly stunning," she continued, sweetly, as her listeners sighed sympathetically. "I do think we have the prettiest set of girls in the city in our club, and the nicest."

And then she wondered that they didn't really seem grateful for the compliment. "They acted just as if the didn't think I meant it," she told he chum afterward.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ROWING FOR A LIVING.

An Old Harbor Boatman Laments the Decay of His Business.

Much space has been devoted to oarsmen in the course of the last few weeks, and papers have had columns of news about the achievements of the various crews. The ambition to win distinction in that field of athletics has caused an increase in the membership of most of the local rowing associations. But while rowing as an amusement and a sport is growing in popularity, rowing as a business is steadily being crowded out of existence. An old boatman bewailed the fact in these words:

"When rowing was first taken to by sports the boys used to come down to the docks and get points from the river men. We knew how to pull boats, and we had to know, working in this harbor with the water going all ways and boats coming from all directions. Of course, we were not much on the new-fangled shellboats, but the boys got points from us just the same, and those who learned to row the shells the best were the regular watermen. There was money in being a boatman in those days, but the business has gone, and only those remain in it who are too old to do anything else.

"What did we do? Well, we had plenty of work between taking people to the ships and off them, transporting stevedores and bringing messages to ship and land, and it was a poor day when an industrious man made less than ten dollars. And there was fun in it at that, with lots of excitement and races many times each day. Nowadays there is nothing for the boatman to do except to think of the good times that are gone, and to 'run a line' when he gets a chance at three dollars a run."

The old boatmen say that their business has been ruined by the little steam craft. When a ship comes to the harbor nowadays there is never a lack of boatsmen to run a line, or carry it to the place where the vessel will make fast, but that was formerly only one of the many duties of the industrious boatman; now it is the mainstay.

"We never quarrel as to who shall have the job if several boatmen are on the spot," said the veteran, "and the man who is nearest the incoming ship usually gets it and the three dollars. To be on hand we go out as far as Robbins Reef Light and the man who gets a job earns his money."

He explained that the numerous boats which are seen from the ferry-boats are not regular boatmen's craft. Many belong to lobster men and fishermen, and a goodly number are the property of men who hunt driftwood and drift stuff; others, again, are manned by men who are in the employ of the ferry corporations, who go to and from their work on the ferry property that way.

"The boats don't look very natty," said the bronzed oarsman of long ago, "and would stand a poor show in a beauty match, but they're a sight more useful than the fancy shells that all the fuss is made about; and as to rowing—well, I've been at it, boy and man, for 45 years, and I think I'd stand a good show in a race here in the harbor with any one of the champion oarsmen. Our rowing was useful; what's theirs good for?"—N. Y. Tribune.

KEPT BY JAMAICAN DARKIES.

The First of August Is a Day of Celebration.

One of these celebrations as seen by an onlooker is very striking and decidedly picturesque. If one were to visit the spot chosen he would see before him a smooth space whose greensward looks like a rich green carpet (Jamaica grass is very different from the grass here, having a large, glossy blade and being closely interwoven or matted together) on which are several booths, forming a circle, made of bamboo and cocoanut limbs and decorated with the bright scarlet of the hybiscus and canna or Indian shot, toned down by the feathery, delicate looking blossom or arrow of the sugar-cane. In each booth is spread a long table on which are piled oranges, pineapples, mangoes, bananas, star apples, large platters filled with buns, breadfruit roasted and divided into sections, and plantains sliced and fried. In fact the table is groaning under its weight and is only waiting for the ox to be cooked. In the center of the space surrounded by the booths is the huge spit and fire over which is being roasted the whole ox, and squatting around are the darkies, looking what they are, a perfectly happy, contented crowd, and forming a gorgeous sight in their holiday attire. They are laughing and chatting, telling "duppee tories" (ghost-stories) and wonderful adventures with the much-dreaded myth, "the rolling calf."

The proprietor is expected to visit each booth for a minute or two, making a general remark here and there, and to nominate the king and queen for the occasion, chosen by the villagers beforehand. The feasting—the real business of the day—commences by his inviting the king, queen and retinue to be seated; he then makes a short speech in honor of the elected king and queen, closing with a right royal "three times three" to the queen of all monarchs, her majesty Victoria, queen of many climes and of the hearts of her subjects.—Carita Ward, in Chautauquan.

Canes of Human Skins.

The campaign of 1886, so far as Ohio is concerned, will always be a memorable one from the fact that in that state the main issue was whether the democratic party had the right of making walking canes out of the skins of prisoners who died in the Columbus penitentiary. Senator (then governor) Foraker made the charge in a public speech that the prison doctor and his assistants carried about with them canes made of human skin. According to affidavits in Senator Foraker's possession the doctor compelled a prisoner to skin the bodies of several Irishmen and a negro, and then to cut the cuticle into small squares. The latter were perforated and an iron rod was passed through the holes, the whole affair making a strong stick.—N. Y. Journal

YOUNG GIRL'S LIBERTY.

Years Are a Woman's Protection and Youth Is a Time of Danger.

That everything in life is tending to make people freer in thought and action is undoubtedly true, and it is a healthful tendency in the main—healthful for people of years and self-control. But no advantage is without its disadvantages. The freer our lives become along healthful and safe lines the healthier will our minds become. But before we can safely profit by these advantages we must have lived long enough to know how to use them and to understand what phases of them to disregard. Because women are freer to travel alone than ever before, it does not necessarily follow that it is wise and right that young girls should be permitted to travel alone. Here comes the truth of the proverb that "what's one man's poison is another's meat." The time was when a woman could not, with self-respect, go to a place of entertainment unattended. Now she can. But that does not make it right for a girl to do so. The chaperon is none the less indispensable to girls to-day than she was 30 years ago. She is really more necessary, for, as things become more and more possible for women, they should become more impossible for girls. This may sound hard and severe, but young girls must remember that a woman's years are her protection, whereas a girl's lack of years is her danger. The very aim and purpose of the present tendency for woman's greater freedom will be defeated if we allow it to guide the actions of our girls. The danger to immaturity always becomes greater as the danger to maturity grows less. This we should never overlook. It is a blessed change that things are safely possible to women which were absolutely impossible a few years ago. But progress is dangerous as well as healthful. If parents interpret the present changing conditions by allowing greater freedom to their daughters they will make a very sad mistake.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

WHY THEIR NOSES WERE RED.

Politeness Carried to an Unusual Extreme the Cause of Disfigurement.

Three young women who boarded a street car the other day were evidently dressed for a reception, and carried card cases in their Frenchily gloved hands. They attracted much attention, which was not surprising, as they were young and would have been handsome but for a similarity of facial misfortune—each one had a prominent red nose, which presented a lurid and remarkable appearance.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the other passengers on the car, a woman—also in gala dress—knew them well enough to ask with great astonishment:

"What in the world has happened to you all?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? We are going to Mrs. H—'s reception."

"So am I. But I mean what has happened to your noses?"

"Nothing. Our noses are all right. But haven't you heard about Mrs. H——?"

"Not a word," said their mystified acquaintance.

"Why, she fell off her bicycle and skinned her poor nose. The cards were out already for this reception, and she felt so badly about her disfigurement that her dearest friends decided to show their sympathy by wearing the same kind of a nose to the reception."

"Oh, you sweet things! But why did you not let all her friends know? I would have been delighted to have got up my nose in the same style, but I suppose it is too late now."

They left the car together, and two women who had been listening with a lend-me-your-ears intenseness looked at each other with untranslatable meaning as one feebly gasped:

"Well! well! I have heard say that imitation is the sincerest flattery, but don't that beat the record?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lace Is in Vogue.

Lace appears on all our gowns this year, and it seems as if Dame Fashion were determined that every one should be suited, for novel ways of arrangement are constantly appearing. The very latest is to have the lace tied in knots and placed on the dresses in such a way as to completely trim them. One costume, arranged after this style, was made of batiste covered with mauve gauze, the decoration being entirely composed of great Louis XVI. knots of lace. These knots are so very large that it requires only one to trim the front of the skirt, while two more are sufficient for the sides and back. This is entirely new, and for our fortunate sisters who are tall is a particularly graceful style.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Effective Trimming.

A close-fitting white serge or cloth vest is braided in black, gilt or gilt and black in combination with high collar to match on a plain dark gown. Add a velvet belt of the dark shade and even a cheap fabric takes on an air of style. A loose vest of white satin is covered with cream satin, mark the two shades, with high collar. Black satin skirt, sleeves, belt and round waist. Jet bands outline the belt, wrists and vest. Black silk gown with entire blouse front of white satin, covered with black net, is embroidered with jet spangles and the brilliant diamant bead. Sometimes a colored bead is introduced, such as violet, green, red, gold or turquoise.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

To Keep Pineapples.

Pineapples will, it is said, keep much better if the green crown at the top is twisted off. The vegetation of the crown takes from the goodness of the fruit. The crown may be temporarily restored if desired, as an ornament in serving the pine whole.—N. Y. Post.

—The efficiency of the Christian Endeavor association as a religious agency is accounted for by the fact that it contains about twice as many women as men.

HUMOROUS.

—"Talk is cheap." "Yes, provided you use your neighbor's telephone."—Chicago Record.

—Teacher—"How many bones are there in the human body?" Pupil—"Do you mean before or after one has eaten shad!"—Boston Transcript.

—Not Really Living Then.—Ella—"Bella says that she has seen but 20 summers." Stella—"She isn't counting the years before she had a wheel."—Judge.

—"Do you think it's true that every man has his price?" asked the heiress. "I'm sure I don't know," he answered, thoughtfully, "but if you want a bargain you needn't look any further."—Chicago Evening Post.

—Employer—"Were you born in the city?" Office Boy—"I don't know, sir." "Then you had better ask your mother." "I don't think she knows, sir. I've often heard father say that she was away on a visit at the time."—Brooklyn Life.

—Charitable Old Lady (to little beggar girl)—"There's some bread for you. It's a day or two old, but you can tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter, and half a grated nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent pudding of it."—Tid-Bits.

—Our Military Resources.—Weyler—"Is it true that the Americans can take a tree standing in the forest, and in 48 hours have the material made into a good quality of paper?" Secretary No. 57—"It is, Unconquerable Sire!" Weyler—"Great Garlic! What a war those Americans could make!"—Puck.

—Precaution.—"Say, missus," said Meandering Mike, "do you want ter hire anybody?" "No." "Ye don't think yer husband wants ter hire anybody, do yer?" "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I am sure he does not." "'Tain't no disapp'intment. I jes' wanted de assurance dat I could go ter sleep in dis next lot witout bein' disturbed by offers of work."—Washington Star.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ROSE.

Over a Thousand Species Known to Botanists.

The antiquity of the rose is so great that all account of its origin has been lost. It is not mentioned in the Biblical writings earlier than the reign of Solomon, but the allusion to it then made is such as to indicate that the flower had already been known, for the essence of roses was extensively used in Jerusalem and Judea during the reign of the luxurious and much-married king. In Egypt the rose is depicted on a number of very early monuments, believed to date from 3000 to 3500 B. C., and in the tomb of an Egyptian princess, disinterred a year ago in the south of Egypt, several hermetically sealed vials were found, which, when opened, contained genuine attar of roses, so that the modern claims for the discovery of this delicious perfume are vain. Rose water, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad." Homer and Solomon were nearly contemporaneous. Both the Greeks and Hebrews probably borrowed the idea of its manufacture from the Egyptians, and these, for aught anybody can tell, may have had it from the Indians or from the Chinese, for the latter claim for each of their discoveries and inventions a most marvelous, not to say incredible, antiquity. The rose is one of those flowers which by the people of every land are taken for granted as so well known as to need no description and hardly mention, for it is a singular fact that every continent on the globe, with the solitary exception of Australia, produces wild roses. Even the frozen regions of the north, where the summer lasts but two or three months, and is at best a season which may be described as very late in the fall, produce their wild roses, and travelers through Greenland, Kamschatka and northern Siberia found, in the proper season, an abundance of blossoms, while the crews of whaling vessels which call at Spitzbergen come off shore with bouquets of the native Spitzbergen rose. All wild roses are not of the same kind, for there are over 1,000 species of the wild rose known to botanists, and the varieties are innumerable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Italian Sign Language.

As illustrating the almost incredible extent to which the Italians—the Sicilians, especially — can communicate with gestures, grimaces, and what is called the sign language generally, Alexandre Dumas relates that he was one evening in the theater at Palermo with a gentleman of that city named Arami, when his attention was attracted to what appeared to be, and in fact were, conversations carried on between the boxes and the orchestra. Presently Dumas' companion recognized an acquaintance on the other side of the house, and began exchanging with him eager motions of the hands and eyes. When it ended Dumas begged to know what had been said, and was informed that the gentleman was a friend of Signor Arami who had been away for three years. "He told me," said Signor Arami, "that he had been married in Naples, and then had traveled for three years with his wife in Austria and France; that a daughter was born and died; and that he had arrived by steamboat yesterday, but could not bring his wife to the opera with him because she had suffered so much from sea sickness as to be unable to come." Dumas was so astonished that he went privately and verified this account; and he adds other equally long and complicated conversations which came under his notice at Syracuse and Naples.—N. Y. Sun.

His Explanation.

"I'd like to know," said Edith, "why they look at a horse's teeth to tell his age?"

"Huh! that's easy enough," replied Davie. "If they're false he's old; that's all."—Judge.